Dol. Truly you are a most sweet old man, as euer I saw; by my troth, you haue a face able to make any woman in loue with you.

Har. Fill sweet Doll, Ile drinke to thee.

Doll. I pledge you sir, and thanke you therefore, and I pray you let it come.

harp. Imbracing her. Doll, canst thou loue me? a mad merie Lasse, would to God I had neuer seene thee.

Doll. I warrant you you will not out of my thoughts this tweluemonth, truely you are as full of fauour, as a man may be. Ah these sweet gray lockes, by my troth, they are most louely.

Con. Cuds bores M. *harpoole*, Ile haue one busse too.

har. No licking for you Constable, hand off, hand off.

Con. Berlady I loue kissing as well as you.

Doll. Oh you are an odde boy, you haue a wanton eye of your owne: ah you sweete sugar-lipt wanton, you will win as manie womens hearts as come in your companie.

Enter Priest.

Priest. Doll, come hither.

har. Priest, she shall not.

Doll. Ile come anon, sweete loue.

Pri. Hand off, old fornicator.

har. Vicar, Ile sit here in spight of thee, is this fitte stuffe for a Priest to carrie vp and downe with him?

Priest. Sirra, Dost thou not know that a good fellow parson may haue a chappell of ease, where his parish Church is farre off?

harp. You whoreson ston'd Vicar.

Priest. You old stale Ruffin, you Lyon of Cotsoll.

har. Zounds Vicar, Ile geld you. *Flyes vpon him.*

Con. Keepe the Kings peace.

Doll. Murder, murder, murder.

Aleman. Hold, as you are men, hold; for Gods sake be quiet: put vp your weapons, you draw not in my house.

har. You whoreson bawdy Priest.

Priest.

Priest. You old mutton-mong

Con. Hold sir Iohn, hold.

Doll. I pray thee sweete heart

to drinke a pot of Ale with him,

uer I met with.

Har. Thou art a Theefe I warr

Priest. Then I am but as thou h

not be ashamed of our Trade, th

himselfe.

Dol. Come, be quiet, hast tho

Priest. I haue wench, here be c

Dol. Come, let's be all friends

Con. Well said Mistris Dorot

Har. Thou art the maddest P

Priest. Giue me thy hand, thou

I am a singer, a drinker, a bench

Masse, and kisse a Lasse: Faith, I

cause I would not be at too mu

ueth me for a Sexton.

Harp. Wel said mad priest, w

Enter sir Roger Acton, M. Bourn

Murley the Brewe

Acton. Now master Murley,

You know our arrant, and do l

Being a man affected as wee ar

Mu. Marry God dild yee d

good sir Roger Acton, M. Bou

men and Iustices of the peace,

liam Murley the brewer of D

bour and your friend, if ye be

Beuer. Professed friends to

Mur. Hold by me Lad, lea

ster *Beuerley*, all of a house, say

Acton. You know our fact

Throughout the Realme, tha

Into the Clergies eyes, and t

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